

Current Comment

Now then—Christmas! We take this occasion to note with satisfaction that the annual battle of Christmas Shopping has been pretty generally won but with the inevitable losses of blood and iron. The ever-present Large Ladies with bundles caused some bad moments and then those skirmishes at the necktie counter called up all the available reserves of Patience and Fortitude. Now there is nothing to worry us but the tearing thought that we clean forgot cousin Hattie, or what the ding-ding we're going to do with that dizzy what-not we drew from Great-aunt Susan. The glad tidings are being caroled from gift shoppe to gift shoppe and all-in-all it's a grand old American custom.

China and Russia are celebrating the Christmas season with a little plain and fancy throat cutting, rattling of sabres and other manifestations of hostility. Skeptics and scoffers are pointing the finger of triumph at the dismal mess and telling us all about how they knew the Paris Pact would be a big fizzle when it came to a real show-down. It is a bit disheartening when we realize that both parties are signatories to the pact but we console ourselves with the thought that a state of war does not actually exist and that the whole tangle stands a good chance of being amicably unravelled.

China and Russia are non-Christian nations officially so we might turn more hopeful eyes to the so-called Christian nations of the world. The picture is anything but a love-fest. On the eve of the London disarmament conference, in which many people are putting so much faith, we find general disagreement among the five powers. Italy and France can come to no understanding, Japan refuses to see her submarines go, England and the United States will not reduce their capital ships beyond a certain tonnage, the United States must build more cruisers to maintain parity with Great Britain, ad infinitum.

Thoughts of peace at this season are especially appropriate, for peace is the essence of the Christmas spirit. The world outlook is anything but cheering as some recently compiled statistics indicate. The world as a whole sinks some five to six million dollars annually in the machinery of war. Eighty per cent of the income of the United States federal government finds its way into war expenditures, England is spending more for past and future wars than she did before 1914, and so is Russia, who comes third on the list. The United States tops the list for military expenditures!

Gilbert K. Chesterton, noted English author and observer, remarks that he has little faith in plans to abolish war for the simple reason that human nature is human nature. He asserts that some people will always attempt to dominate others with war as an inevitable result. In other words that people are constitutionally unable to get along together harmoniously. It is difficult to imagine a more discouraging point of view than that. To students of the startling effects of environmental conditions on living matter, into which class fall human beings, it also appears as being just a bit short-sighted.

Italy is doing her share of sword clanking just now. A very strong spirit of nationalism has been built up by Mussolini and used by him to put over his militarist propaganda and building program. He appears to entertain ambitions for Italy and is preparing to slice out a niche for

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1929

LOCAL TEMPERANCE UNION OBSERVES "CRUSADE DAY"

"Crusade Day" was observed by the Campbell W. C. T. U. at its regular meeting, Dec. 18, at the home of Mrs. F. S. Newcomb. A literature campaign is being put on by the national organization in order that they may be on the aggressive instead of the defensive, and to be able to put before the public some pertinent facts relating to the success of prohibition. A defensive, systematic campaign has been planned. It is not a plan to help the state or national organization financially but it is a specific attempt to reach every locality with authoritative statements designed to overcome the current false and misleading propaganda. Each local W. C. T. U. has been asked to distribute 500 small booklets each month for eight months in the year 1930. The campaign begins Jan. 1. The subjects that the leaflets deal with is the benefits of prohibition and replies to wet propaganda. The plan contemplates 12,000 pages of literature for each W. C. T. U., which means if many unions fall in line and distribute the booklet it will reach almost every home in the United States.

Family Reunion To Be Staged At Lib Xmas

About 30 people will join in a family reunion Christmas day at the community hall. The dinner will be served there by Mrs. Edith Turner, after which everyone will adjourn to the Ralph H. Hyde home for the rest of the afternoon and evening, which will be spent playing cards, games and in other forms of amusement.

Those who will be present for the day are: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hyde and son, Homer, Judge and Mrs. F. B. Brown, T. S. Brown, Victor Brown, and Benjamin Miller Brown of San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. L. Miller of Chico, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howorth of San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Husted of Modesto, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hope of Oakland, Ralph A. Husted of Saratoga, Mrs. William Evans of Fall River, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Shadle and sons, Martin and Leonard, and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Husted, and Barbara and Norman, all of Campbell.

William Robinson of U. C. is spending Christmas and New Years with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Robinson.

Mrs. Etta Alison and daughters, Lucille and Helen, expect to spend Christmas with the M. E. Kennedy family at Gilroy and a part of the vacation season with friends at Campbell.

The G. B. Rodeck family of Gilroy will eat Christmas dinner with Mrs. Lena Rodeck and Miss Mary Rodeck.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd of San Leandro, Dec. 19, a son. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd are both former Campbellites, he being the oldest son of Rev. W. H. Lloyd, and Mrs. Lloyd was Miss Gladys Townsend.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Medlock (nee Marie Purmort) are receiving congratulations upon the birth, Dec. 18, of a daughter.

his country by force of arms if necessary. The "victory cult" which he claims to have built up is conducive to anything but peace.

Let the bald-headed statesmen and opulent manufacturers reckon on the youth of the land when they begin brewing their next little fracas. They may get a big surprise.

That's all.

A Stitch in Time

By Albert T. Reid



75 Youngsters Enjoy Rebekah Xmas Party At I. O. O. F. Hall

Mrs. Julius Bachman was chairman of the committee in charge of the Ada Rebekah annual Christmas party. The party was held last Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. banquet room, which was very prettily decorated with red and green crepe paper and wreaths of holly with the huge Christmas tree the center of attraction. About 75 children and many grown-ups enjoyed the party. There was a Santa Claus who distributed presents to the delighted youngsters. Refreshments were served by the committee.

Hedegards Entertain Large Group Sunday

About 45 relatives and friends were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard at their home last Sunday. A turkey dinner was served, the tables and rooms being decorated in the Christmas colors. After the bountiful dinner the hours were spent at cards and dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Jeffers had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Harold Grimes and daughter, Dorothy, of Amarilla, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Grimes left Friday to tour the coast and expect to again visit the Jeffers family some time in January.

L. R. Spradling, Sr., and L. R. Jr., and Mrs. P. M. Price of Palo Alto, relatives of Mrs. Carl Field, will spend Christmas with the Carl Field family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Loris Smith, who arrived at Twin Lakes the first of the week, having motored out from Minnesota, visited the H. C. Smith family Saturday. They plan to spend several months enjoying the California climate.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith left Tuesday by auto for Portland, Ore., where they are guests of Mrs. Smith's brother during the holidays.

CHORAL SOCIETIES RENDER ORATORIO

A fine rendition of Saint Saens Christmas oratorio, sung by the combined choral societies of Los Gatos and Campbell, assisted by members of the First Presbyterian choir of San Jose, was enjoyed by an appreciative audience Thursday evening at the grammar school auditorium.

Homer DeWitt Pugh conducted the chorus which sang several fine numbers. This oratorio has a number of special parts which were beautifully sung by members of a quartet which included Mrs. Frances Scott, soprano, Miss Ethel White, contralto, Homer Pugh, tenor, and Charles Pugh, baritone.

The Campbell choral class is part of the night school work and is open to all the singers of the community. The training is excellent and affords a good opportunity for development of voice. A certain per centage of enrollment and attendance is necessary to secure the funds to maintain the director, so that additional members are more than welcome.

Stitching Club Party Scheduled For Dec. 27

It was decided at the regular meeting of the Ada Rebekah Stitching club that the annual Christmas party of the club will be held at the home of Mrs. Myrtle Johnson in San Jose, Friday afternoon, Dec. 27.

Mrs. Lillian Ohlen and Mrs. Ernest Snow were hostesses at the meeting Friday at the Odd Fellows hall. Members spent the time finishing Christmas gifts. Refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Postmaster H. C. Smith and assistants extend to their many kind friends and patrons wishes for a most happy Christmas season. Sincere thanks are extended to the kind friends who have been so considerate and anxious to co-operate to the good of the service.

Grange Mid-Winter Harvest Feast Slated For Tuesday, Jan. 14

Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, at 6:30 p. m., all Grangers will gather at the Odd Fellows Hall for the mid-winter harvest feast. A class of 16 candidates are in waiting for the third and fourth degrees, which will be conferred at that time.

Under the special order of business comes the annual report and election of directors of the Orchard City Grange, Inc.

Kiwanians Play Santa Claus To Local Kids

Last Tuesday when the Kiwanis club held their weekly luncheon about 30 youngsters enjoyed a Christmas party with them. After the luncheon the club members gave each child a handkerchief, an orange, an apple and a generous amount of candy. There was also a Christmas tree for the kids to admire. Rev. Buell was the speaker of the day.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Roe, Saturday, Dec. 14, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Crews visited with relatives in Santa Maria over the week-end.

Miss Joyce Robson and Bernard Robson will spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Robson.

Leo Hedegard is spending his Christmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stubbe and family and Mrs. Stubbe's sister, Miss Loretta Self, all of Palo Alto, will spend Christmas day at the R. E. Stubbe home.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Cook of El Paso, Texas, former residents of Campbell, arrived Sunday to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Jeffers.

CAMPBELL ALUMNI ST. IGNATIUS TO TANGLE MONDAY

Friday night last the Campbell high school teams won a double header in the local gymnasium. The 130 pound team defeated St. Joseph's quint 21-8. The superior team work and accurate goal shooting of the Orchard City lads was too much for the St. Joseph boys. Coach Noddin used 15 players and all functioned well.

The high school unlimiteds defeated the Winters high school, coached by "Red" Pugh, Campbell alumnus, to the tune of 27-18. L. Shank and S. DeSelle were high point men, getting 15 and ten points respectively. Gardner played a fine field game.

Thursday night the alumni five won from Company F, national guard, of Hayward, 26-23, and on Saturday night repeated over the highly advertised Governor's club of San Francisco, 31-18.

C. Nelson and Eddlemore were outstanding on the offensive, Eddlemore sinking six field goals. C. Nelson played an excellent field game. Monte and Reed kept the Governors away from the Campbell hoop in fine shape.

The Governor's club held the Olympic club and the Athletic club to close scores.

Monday night, Dec. 30, the local alumni team will play the most important game of their season's schedule and what promises to be the best game in the valley when they tangle with St. Ignatius college on the local hardwood. St. Ignatius is rated the best on the Pacific coast and comes to Campbell with a squad of veterans including Kleckner and Rene Barilles, who some declare to be the fastest running guards ever to be developed in California. This will be the only opportunity to see the St. Ignatius quintet in action in this valley, as Campbell was lucky to procure them for their only engagement here.

Campbell will demonstrate to the San Franciscans that all the basketball is not played in the bay region when the following players take the floor: Forwards—C. Nelson, M. Nelson, W. Eddlemore, J. Hummel; centers—E. Tainter, C. Nelson; guards—H. Shelley, J. Monte, E. Nelson, B. Reed.

Tickets may be secured from Ben Austin, Toby Lea, Haliwell & Jones, and any of the alumni players, and at the door Monday night, Dec. 30. Don't forget!

Bohnetts' Home To Be Scene Of Reunion Xmas Day

The home of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Bohnett in San Jose will be the scene of a family reunion for a tree and breakfast on Christmas morning when the following relatives will assemble: Mrs. Hattie Baugh of Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Baugh of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lillingston of Orland, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lillingston and daughter, Patsy Ann, of Marcelline, Mo., and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wells of Culver City. The party will be joined later by Mrs. Enos Bohnett and children, Ralph, Pearl and Eva Bohnett of Aronas, and all will have dinner together in one of the private dining rooms at the Ste. Claire.

Primary Dept. Of Congregat'nal Church Enjoys Party Sat.

The primary department of the Congregational church, which includes about 28 youngsters, enjoyed a Christmas party at the church Saturday afternoon. Each child received a gift and the time was spent in games. Miss Merriman was in charge of the affair, being assisted by Mrs. Farnham and Misses Ruth Boller, Helen Buck and Annette Merrill.

FINE IDEA



First Suburbanite—I think I have solved the problem in regard to chickens and gardens.
Second Suburbanite—Let me in on it, will you?
First Suburbanite—I planted imitation seeds in my yard and fooled the chickens.

IF HE PROPOSED



He—Do you think you'd say yes if I proposed?
If you proposed a supper and a good show I certainly would.

AFTER A REST



"Jones ought to be looking well after being locked up at the police station."
"Why?"
"Shouldn't a man look well after arrest?"

BEAT MANY AN EGG



"Get married? Why, you don't know how to cook."
"I've beat up many an egg."

DOES THE THINKING



"I find you every job you've had and now you're out of work again."
"Now, that's an idea, dear! Why couldn't you open an employment agency?"

A GOOD MECHANIC



Boss—Why do you think you'll make a good auto mechanic?
Applicant—Well, I know one of the secrets of the business is, while you're making repairs always see that something else gets broke.

HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

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STORY FROM THE START

Returning to America, during the War of 1812, after a successful voyage, Capt. Lion Fellowes, merchant ship Sachem, is sunk off Portugal by a British frigate. His crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl who conceals her identity. He learns from her, however, that she is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon, hoping to find a vessel American bound. He meets Capt. Chater, of the American ship True Bounty, an acquaintance. Chater offers him a berth as mate. Fellowes refuses, knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of the True Bounty.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"There's much in what you say," Fellowes owned. "I'm loath to disoblige you, ma'am. But 'tis wartime, and I'd not care to betray my sentiments."

Miss Inglepin blushed crimson; her slim body stiffened.

"And we have no wish to 'betray you, sir," she said coldly.

"You mistake my meaning, ma'am," protested Fellowes, much perturbed. "I merely tried to make it clear that in accepting your offer I was not abandoning my own opinions."

"Naow, naow, there ain't any call to be het up over a misunderstanding! We want a mate, and we want 'up'n Fellowes for the job—and he won't need to complain over his treatment," Chater struck in.

"But Captain Fellowes must decide for himself," insisted Miss Inglepin. "And he must decide in light of the fact—"

"Don't say nothin' ye'd be sorry for, Miss Cara," warned Chater.

"In light of the fact," she continued, ignoring the interruption, "that we are Federalists, heart-and-soul, and utterly opposed to this wicked, senseless war, and its attempt to cripple Britain at a time when she is fighting for the freedom of mankind against the vilest tyrant in history."

The vehemence of her declaration took Fellowes' breath away, arousing in him a respect all the greater for the concern Chater displayed.

"If you feel so, ma'am, I can but applaud your honesty in admitting it," he said. "Shall we elect to forget politics? And will it please you that I accept Captain Chater's offer?"

She swallowed hard, a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"It will not please me," she answered. "And yet—and yet—you had best come. Good afternoon, sir. Captain Chater will escort you aboard."

And she swept regally into the hotel, the monstrous attendant waddling at her heels. Chater whistled placidly.

"Naow, naow! You daon't want to set too much store by wimmin's talk. 'Has a lot on her mind. Miss Cara has. Fust off, her ma died. And then the war came, and her pa sent for her. And when she come back here her grandpa, he up and died. Fine old feller. Markess da Perentia."

"But what did she mean by saying it didn't please her for me to ship with you? And then saying I must come?"

"Chater performed a very creditable leer.

"Easy to see ye ain't had much to do with young wimmin, friend. They talk all round the clock. I tell ye. And Miss Cara's spilt a mite. Her pa jest dotes on her, and her ma's family are grand folks. 'Heap o' money comin' to her.' He cinkled furtively. "Portygee money's as good as any, heh? Yes, sirree. Ben Inglepin, he knowed what he was doin' when he married Donna Rosa."

"I don't care what she has," snapped Fellowes. "Unless it's a better disposition. Shall we go off to the ship? I ought to learn something of my duties, if we sail tomorrow."

"That's what I call a proper spirit," fawned Chater. "We'll get on rust rate, Cap'n Fellowes."

A stout craft, and well-found the True Bounty. The crew were of a piece with their captain, dour New Englanders and Long Islanders from "Daown East," arant Federalists to a man. Without a word of politics being uttered in his hearing, Fellowes understood that he was alone in his opinion, spiritually isolated from the ship's company. Nor could all Chater's oily civility dispel his instinctive distrust of his skipper. A distrust which was accentuated—perhaps unfairly, he admitted secretly—by his uneasiness over Cara Inglepin's attitude.

She had as good as told him she was disloyal. But then, he argued with himself, the candor of her declaration was an earnest of essential honesty. As for her visit to Welling-ton, that might conceivably be dismissed as in connection with her grandfather's affairs—or to clear up some matter of business between her father and the British authorities in the past. Yet, on the other hand it all this was so, why had she wavered with him at the last? Why had his

careless use of the word "betray" aroused such a tempest?

The True Bounty slipped out over Tagus bar, and by sunset had sunk the Rock of Lisbon under the eastern horizon. The third day of the voyage Fellowes discovered the course had been altered to fetch the ship far north of the Western Islands, which he knew, were regular ports of call for all vessels plying to and from southern Europe. Inquiry informed him the neighborhood of the islands had become a regular cruising-ground for American privateers, as they provided a base within easy striking-distance of the converging routes of the British convoys from the West Indies and South America and the lordly East Indianmen of John Company's fleet. Evidently Chater was fighting shy of his own countrymen.

Barred, as he was, from any bond of sympathy with his brother officers it was inevitable that Fellowes should be thrown more and more in Miss Inglepin's company. And she, on her part, made no secret of her preference for the Long Islander. She was like a child in her craving for entertainment, absorbing eagerly his hoard of experiences. He painted for her fever-ridden factories of the West African coast, jungle rivers where the tom-toms throbbed the night long and



His First Warning of Her Was the Pressure of Her Fingers on His Arm

slavers anchored beside stinking bar-racoon, the icy tempests that beat about the Horn, and the languorous sens beyond. For her part, she gave him glimpses of a world equally exotic, spoke of evenings in the Pavilion at Brighton when the Prince Regent was condescending, narrated anecdotes, sad and humorous, of the stuffy Portuguese court.

There was inherent in her a fine and gracious reticence. And she impressed him more and more as unqualifiedly honest. She was a normal product of the background against which usually prevented them from dietary blend of the social forces of the Old world and the New.

She was, too, a keen politician and delighted to argue with him, although she was scrupulous to treat their differences with a lightness of touch which she had been reared, a contra quarrelling.

"Aye de mi," she sighed one day toward the end of the voyage. "I cannot afford to quarrel with you, sir. I should die of ennui without your company."

"What will you say of me when I am a privateersman?"

"I'll say what I think," she retorted, blushing. "But you'll not go. If I can stay you."

"You'd have me bide at home with the cravens?"

"Why—" she hesitated—"I think all men of parts will find sufficient to occupy them before another year is out. We are on the verge of great events. 'Twill have had its use, perhaps, this war. But there! My tongue is runagate."

"Do you speak of rebellion?" he pressed. "Tis an ugly thought."

"Tis your word, not mine," she

parried. "A true Democratic word."

"No, our watchword is loyalty," he declared with feeling.

"Loyalty to what?" she mocked him. "To a pack of buckskin politicians and tavern orators?"

"To an ideal—Independence," he exclaimed, irritated. "But what can you know of that, who are intimate with our enemies, and think as they do? I saw you with Lord Welling-ton in Lisbon, heard you talking with him."

Her face blanched; the fingers by which she hung to the rigging whitened under pressure.

"Sir," she said quietly, "you may think as you please of that. I shall say nothing."

And she quitted the deck before he could answer her, leaving him vexed by his own impetuosity and admiring the way in which she had taken it. He tasted humility as he trod the deck, keeping the early watch after dark, too downcast to notice her when she came from the cabin, a fluttering wraith in the golden yellow cloak she wore when the air was chill.

His first warning of her was the pressure of her fingers on his arm.

"Lion," she said, and his heart leaped a beat at that. "Lion! There was a little choke in her voice."

"Lion," she gasped a third time.

He caught her arm.

"I'd cut my tongue out," he muttered hoarsely. "Tis your secret."

"But I was wrong," she persisted. "I don't want you to think—as you please. I want you to believe—to believe—that I wouldn't do—anything dishonorable. Truly, Lion!"

His arms wound about her, as their lips met, suddenly. Then she was gone from him, a shadow in the darkness.

CHAPTER III

Crimpin' Collishawe

Fellowes was happier than he had been for months. Tramping the poop he hummed a tune, thinking how lucky he had been: saved from the Sachem, and conversely, from months, maybe years, in Dartmoor; meeting Cara—and home just over the horizon's rim. "Cara—and home! Her Federalist leanings he brushed aside as his wife—"

"Sail ho!"

He snatched a glass from the binacle-rack and climbed into the mizzen-shrouds. The morning was clear but he had no difficulty in making out the stranger, a lofty pile of canvas, driving down toward the True Bounty.

"Call 'Captain Chater," he hailed the deck, and Chater promptly popped out of the cabin-companionway almost as if he had expected the summons.

"A man-o'-war, Captain," Fellowes reported.

"Aye," he pronounced cheerfully. "she's the Badger sloop-of-war, Captain Collishawe."

"Collishawe," repeated Fellowes. "Crimpin' Collishawe?"

"That's him," Chater assented.

"He ought to be foul-bottomed and Fellowes. 'Most of these block-aders are. We'd have the wind of him if we ran south."

"Well, now, why should we run for it?" drawled Chater.

"Why? Lord, naow, Collishawe's pressed more Americans than any British officer on the station. 'Crimpin' Collishawe they call him. If he has a full crew, himself, he'll press for any other blockader that's short-handed."

Chater laughed in a peculiar noiseless way that always repelled Fellowes.

"I ain't consarned for him. We've got to pass the blockade to make Sandy Hook. And ye forget we run on license."

"I know," answered Fellowes, still perturbed; "but license or no, why risk your men?"

"All my crew carry press-protections," rejoined Chater. "What's the use of tradin' on license, if ye can't make your home-ports, hey? I'll hold to the course. I wouldn't wonder but mebbe Collishawe'd be kinder grateful for Peninsula news. And he always shortened sail whenever he sighted Miss Cara. 'Used to come to old Ben's house a lot when he was in New York."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dust Now Recognized as Powerful Explosive

It is more or less generally well known that all dust accumulations represent a menace of no mean proportions. Dust is explosive and many mills were wrecked by this mysterious power before the real cause was understood. In a mine, for instance, the explosion taking place in one chamber was carried to the next and so on until the explosive force swept through the entire mine and the workings were wrecked completely. It is only within a comparatively few years that it was ascertained that this march of destruction was conducted through the subterranean passages by the accumulation of dust on the walls and in the crevices. Now this is avoided by a

coating which is sprayed on and which prevents the dust thus treated from exploding. In the case of grain mills the damage done by these mysterious bursts was particularly severe and the government agencies have been giving considerable attention to the study of these mysterious blasts. In the course of some experiments it was found possible to drive an automobile engine by the use of finely powdered corn dust. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

As Women Know

Most husbands want to be thoughtful, tender and considerate. But so many things come between the wish and the fact.—American Magazine.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

SOME PEOPLE ARE BORN WITH GILLS

WE NO longer tell friends from enemies by smell; but we often pick them by the shape of their nose. Man's nose is not so striking as the elephant's, or even the long-nosed monkey's, but it features his face and is one of his most human and superfluous elements. As it is a new acquisition, it began with mammals. It appears late in fetal life and develops fully after birth. Its shape and size are hereditary and are distinguishing traits of race. But it has no more to do with brain power than the handkerchief that wipes it.

As the olfactory nerves alone are connected with the hemispheres of the human brain, it is inferred that the brain itself arose in connection with the sense of smell; the original brain was a smelling organ.

In mammals generally, the sense of all senses, in monkeys, it has already begun to diminish. Some mammals have five pairs of ridges supporting the olfactory organs; some hoofed animals have eight; apes usually have three. Man has from two to five pairs.

The nose of the human embryo is at first a pair of pits or pockets in the skin—the condition in fishes. The external nose appears much later.

The ear also begins as a pocket, in the first gill-cleft. This sticks into the head until its outer opening is closed by the tympanum or eardrum. A rare anomaly is an individual with two, or even three, external ear openings; these represent the second and third gill-clefts. In some fishes the opening remains; their ear is primarily a balancing organ. Our equilibrium sense organ is also located in the inner ear; if semicircular canals are destroyed, we cannot balance ourselves.

We turn our head toward sounds or cup our hands behind our ears; our ancestors turned their ears.

Our eyes are compound and are made up of the same three parts that are found in fishes' eyes. First, a cluster of skin cells dig in to form the lens; skin grows over this, becomes transparent, and forms the cornea. Next, a growth from the neural tube reaches out and ends in a cup around the lens. This cup becomes the retina; the stalk which joins cup with tube, the optic nerve. Cells from the middle germ layer now enter the cup and form the transparent matter of the eyeball. The middle layer also supplies skin structure; it is subject to the horny change of old age. Hence "cataract" of the eye; the lens has become covered with a scale.

The Asiatic's eye is not oblique. The "slit" appearance is due to the low nasal bridge supporting the upper lid; the lid thus folds and appears "Mongolian." This "oblique" eye is not uncommon in white children at birth; when the bridge develops slowly it may persist for months, even into adult life.

The tears which wash our eyes—otherwise as dirty as our faces—come from lachrymal glands in the upper outer corner of each eye. Some have additional tear glands at the sides of the eyes, as have reptiles.

Our skin is a double structure. The outside, or epidermis, is ectoderm; the inside, or dermis, is derived from the mesoderm. The fetal skin at first is translucent and not unlike that of fishes. During the third month, the epidermis begins to become horny, as it is in adult life. It is significant that if we lose a third of our skin by fire, acid, boiling liquid, or flaying, we lose our life.

Color of skin is an inherited trait and is due to grains of brown or yellow-red pigment in the dermis. Entire absence of pigment in skin, hair, and eyes is a developmental defect and results in albinism. Albinism is an inherited trait and is found in many animals. White blackbirds are as common as white black men. Pigment is probably due to secretion of an endocrine gland.

To form a better grasping surface, the skin of man's, monkey's, and many other mammals' hands and feet is thrown into minute ridges, especially prominent on the finger tips. These ridges form loops, spirals and arches. In no two individuals on earth do they make exactly the same pattern. Hence their unique importance as marks of identification.

At the fourth month, the embryo begins to show a fine silky hair coat or lanugo (down). This begins to be replaced, even before birth, by a second coat of different character. The lanugo may persist as "down" on the face of girls and women, or even all over the body, as on the so-called dog-faced people of the menageries. The lanugo probably represents our adult ancestral condition. But no satisfactory theory has yet been advanced to account for the fact that man is the least hairy of the primates.

Hair does not grow on our bodies in haphazard fashion, but in lines and sets of three, four, or five, each set being the hairs that grow beneath one scale of our reptilian ancestors. (© by George A. Dorsey.)

Two Kinds of Discontent

There are two kinds of discontent in this world: the discontent that works, and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success, and there's no cure at all for the second.—George H. Lorimer.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By

JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

A. M., Sc. D.

Director of Public Health Education, State of Pennsylvania.

The Germ Fiend

IT IS not at all surprising that the germ fiend has at last arrived upon the scene. He is the natural result of the thousands of words which in recent years have been printed concerning the devastating activities of bacteria.

Such a person, oversensitive in the first place, concludes that everything he touches is likely to be contaminated, and that hosts of germs are on his face and hands waiting to do their worst at the psychological moment. Also, he is always miserable until soap and water have been vigorously applied after every normal contact. In short, the germ consciousness to him is a painfully predominating one.

This unfortunate type of person forgets that we are living in a germ world and that there are good as well as bad organisms. Neither does he appreciate that germs are always fighting to keep the situation in neutral, so to speak; and as a general rule, are very successful at it.

Of course, there are times when such vicious little fellows as the typhoid bacillus, the pneumonia germ, the scarlet fever organism and others get the better of people. But, by and large, the germ world is pretty evenly matched, with a resultant lack of great damage to human beings. It follows that there is no sensible reason for anyone to become habitually over-exercised about them.

Use soap and water as a cleansing agent regularly. Employ a germicide for stings, bites and cuts when thus victimized. And always respect the quarantine sign for communicable diseases. But in the main, forget germs. There are already too many germ fiends for comfort either to themselves or to others.

Opportunists

INFECTIONS of the respiratory tract, such as colds and influenza, lend themselves most readily to the commercial opportunists. After all it is only business for shrewd people to capitalize the ills and misfortunes of others.

It thus happens that when epidemics from these causes arise, as they unfortunately sometimes do, one is treated to an astonishing amount of printed and pictorial matter urging one and all to purchase various super-preventives or sure-cures.

Naturally, the glittering package, glowingly advertised to prevent the then prevailing disease, is particularly appealing. And it is perhaps of some psychological value to have a "preventive" or "sure cure" close at hand. It gives one a sense of protection similar to seeing the life preserver in one's steamship cabin. However, its actual power to do what is claimed for it is not always quite so infallible as one is led to believe.

In case of epidemics the main point is to use ordinary care and protection. This can best be accomplished by avoiding as much as possible those who are victims of the disease, by building bodily resistance, through plenty of rest, fresh air, exercise, wholesome food and by the daily elimination of wastes.

It must be conceded that in epidemic periods one may contract the disease in matters how carefully and healthily one attempts to live. But certainly one's chances of pulling through unscathed are better with a healthy body without a purchased preventive than with a sickly body with drug store protection.

Turn into an opportunist by resolving today to obey the laws of healthy existence. Or as the old saying goes, "In times of peace prepare for war." Beat the opportunists by being one yourself! (© 1938, Western Newspaper Union.)

Faith and Works

'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, but yet put out the candle, and they are both gone; one remains not without the other. So 'tis betwixt faith and works.—John Selden.

Artistic Taste

Until we learn to appreciate the cherubs and angels that Raphael scatters through the blessed air, in a picture of the "Nativity," it is not amiss to look at a Dutch fly settling on a peach, or a bumblebee burying himself in a flower.—Hawthorne's Journal.

Name Disqualified Her

Two French ambassadors negotiating a marriage between their king and one of the Spanish princesses, chose Blanche even though she was less suited and less beautiful, for the other bore the name Urraca, a name that would never do for a queen.

Penny an Old Coin

It is curious, but true, that that most common coin, the penny, is the most ancient of our coinage, and is the only one left which was known to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. They called it "penning," which has been corrupted into "penny."

Too Tedious to Read

An industrious chirographer of Rochester has succeeded in writing 4,000 words on a postal card. It is a good way to preserve a secret.—New York Sun.

Mothers find it magic for scuffs

One touch of the dauber and scuffs disappear. Smooth, uniform color comes back to faded shoes. More than 50 marvelous shades—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH



Things We Don't See
So many of us go through the day and hardly notice the sparkle of sunlight on a lake or goblet, the majestic angles cast by a skyscraper or a picket fence, the grace of a dandelion turned white and fluffy, of a gray road winding over a hill.—Woman's Home Companion.

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

Fishing Pond on Roof

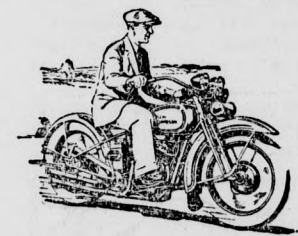
A recently constructed building of Portland, Ore., has a real fishing pond on the roof for the accommodation of city residents who are unable to get into the country for a fishing experience. The pond is surrounded with growths which give it the appearance of nature and it answers many purposes.

Burning Skin Diseases
quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolsalve. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 50c and 60c at druggists, or J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Easy to Select

It's reported that only one book was published in Turkey during the last year. The "book of the year club" couldn't make any mistakes over there.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

UGLY DIMPLES?
Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, yellow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take **NR**—NATURE'S REMEDY—cleanses and strengthens your eliminative organs. Watch the transformation. Try **NR** instead of more laxatives. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists, only 25c. **FEEL LIKE A MILLION. TAKE NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW, ALRIGHT



Lindy Rode a Harley

Buy a motorcycle and crowd the year with real sport.

Zoom over the hills!

Zip around the corners!

O! Boy! Experience that thrill on a world-favorite Harley-Davidson.

Only a cent a mile, too!

Write for our catalog of good re-conditioned motorcycles, also, time payment plan. Other information—no obligation.

RICH BUDELIER

2531 South Main Street
Dept. 10 - Los Angeles, Calif.

Industrial Term

Cartel is a name applied to practically all forms of industrial combinations in Europe. Production cartels aim primarily at joint regulation or control of production. Their main purpose is to prevent overproduction. The selling cartel is one in which a single sales agency handles all or part of the output of the individual member plants. Price-fixing is generally included in its activities.



Who Wants to be Bald?

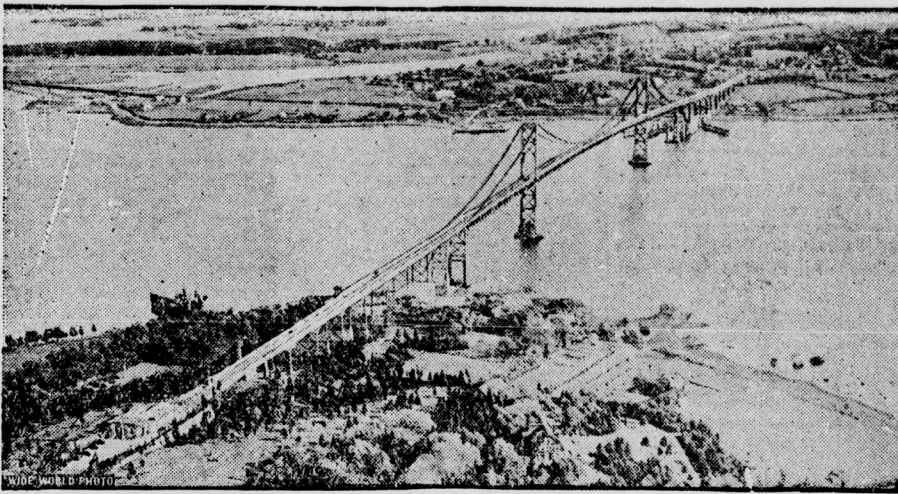
Not many, and when you are getting that way and loosing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head **BARE-TO-HAIR** is what you want.

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

Scottsdale, Penna.

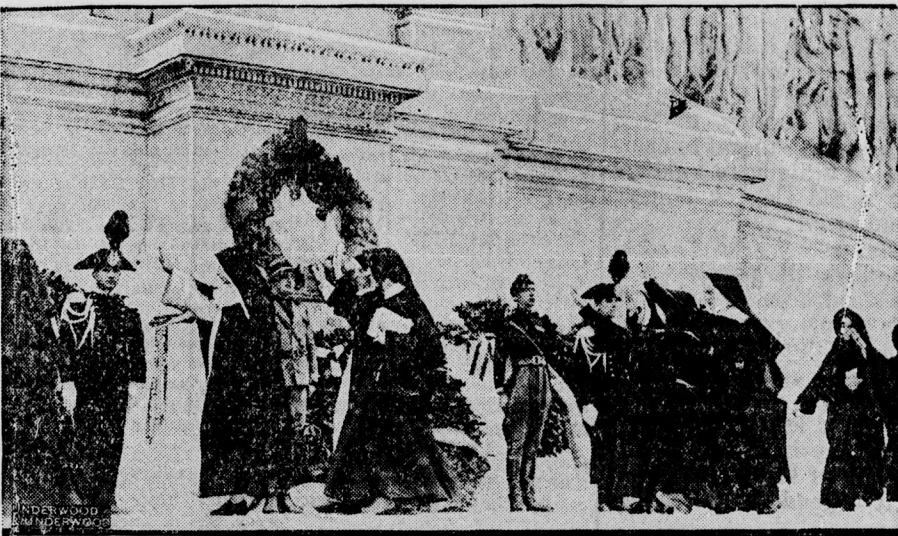
GRAY'S BEST FOR 109 YEARS
for BOILS-SORES OF ALL KINDS
BURNS-CARBUNCLES
CUTS STINGS-SCALDS
25¢
Used by President Andrew Jackson.
If your local Druggist hasn't it, send postpaid for 25¢ - W. F. GRAY CO., Nashville, Tenn.

New Bridge Links Newport With the Mainland



Newport, R. I., is no longer dependent on ferries for this Mount Hope bridge, recently completed. Links it with the mainland. The bridge, seventh in size in the world, is a mile and a quarter long.

Nuns in Rome Using the Fascist Salute



Group of Italian nuns of an educational order using the Fascist salute as they pass the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier at Rome.

ASSISTANT TO HYDE



E. N. Meader of Cassville, Mo., has been appointed assistant to Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde. He succeeds Roger R. Kaufman. Mr. Meader has been a special assistant to the attorney general since June, 1928.

GLENNA TO TRY AGAIN



Glenna Collett, four times winner of the American women's golf championship, has decided to make another attempt to lift the British title, which so far has escaped her. She is planning a trip to England next year to play in the British championship.

A Caesar's Divorce

Coins struck by one of the earliest Caesars are among a collection of Roman coins found near Weymouth, England. More than 400 coins were discovered. Two were coins of Helena and Theodora. Helena was divorced by Constantine Chlorus when he was made Caesar of the West by Emperor Maximian, whose daughter, Theodora, he afterward married.

Paint and Lines

A girl and a car are much alike. A good paint job conceals the years, but the lines tell the story.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Decorations Bestowed on Four



Lieut. James H. Doolittle, army ace, and three World war veterans were decorated at Fort Hamilton. Lieutenant Doolittle received the Distinguished Flying Cross for a one-stop flight which he made in 1922 from Florida to California. He also received the Oak Leaf cluster for hazardous experiments in testing planes in 1924. The three former service men who were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross are James P. Nann, Michael J. McGarty and Christopher L. Edell. Photograph shows General Drum presenting the medals.

Mosley May Be British Ambassador



Sir Oswald Mosley, immensely rich and brilliant young labor member of parliament, who is likely to be appointed as British ambassador to the United States to succeed Sir Esme Howard, is shown here with his equally famous wife, the former Lady Cynthia Curzon, daughter of the noted British statesman and former viceroy of India. Her grandfather was the late Joseph Leiter of Chicago.

POULTRY

HEAT AND LIGHT MEAN MORE EGGS

Maintain Feed Consumption in Sudden Cold Spells.

Heat and light in the hen house mean more eggs when eggs are high in price. And the purpose of both heating and lighting is to keep the laying hen eating as much feed as she can be persuaded to take.

No slump in egg production is likely to accompany a sudden cold snap if the normal feed consumption is maintained, according to the poultry husbandry department of the Ohio State university. One method of controlling the temperature is through insulation of the chicken house. This, however, may nearly double the cost of the structure. Some poultry men are finding that by placing brooder stoves in the laying houses and firing them during the extremely cold weather, they can sufficiently raise the temperature. In case neither insulation nor artificial heat is practicable, the poultry specialists recommend the feeding of small quantities of grain at frequent intervals during the day.

When artificial lights are used to increase egg production, they should not be used to give more than a total of 14 hours of light a day. Failure to supply lights regularly, or to provide water and feed when the lights go on, also give bad results.

Poultry Tuberculosis

Widespread in Spots

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Tuberculosis in poultry flocks has been found much more prevalent than was suspected, and in many counties, especially in some of the North Central states, the disease is present to a greater or less extent in about 70 per cent of the flocks, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Tuberculosis birds show loss of vigor and flesh, lameness, swollen joints, drooping, and general unthriftiness. T. B. in poultry can be definitely diagnosed by a post-mortem or by the tuberculin test given by a veterinarian.

If the disease is discovered in the poultry flock, all diseased birds should be immediately killed and burned, and the remaining fowls over one year old should be marketed. The chicken house should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, and moved to clean ground. Lots and runways should be plowed up and seeded to some grain crop, and a new start made on clean ground with young, healthy, vigorous birds of good breeding. Avian tuberculosis is doubly harmful in that it affects swine as well as poultry.

Save for Chicks

It is not too early to plan on saving some of the winter egg money to buy early chicks for the replenishment of the farm flock. Money is frequently saved by placing the order early, and the farmer is sure of obtaining the chicks at the right time. Installment buying helps many a man to obtain useful things. A hundred dollars for chicks may be hard to scrape up next spring. But if \$20 can be placed in the chick fund every month it is a great help.

Disappointment Sure

Compounding the ration of the laying hen, particular attention should be paid to the inclusion of the necessary vitamins. Yellow corn and green feeds provide much of vitamin A. Vitamine B is carried in wheat, corn, green feeds, alfalfa meal, alfalfa leaf flour and others. Vitamine D, or its equivalent, is supplied by making use of direct sunshine or by resorting to cod liver oil, the latter being an outstanding source of this most essential substance.

POULTRY HINTS

The Bronze and White Holland breeds are popular.

Crowding at the feed hopper stunts the growth of chicks.

Lameness is one of the first symptoms of tuberculosis in poultry.

Keep the nonlayers out of the flock by culling out birds with yellow beaks and shanks.

Arranging roosts that they can be raised will give greater access to the droppings boards for cleaning.

If the hens are kept indoors throughout the winter, they should be given cod liver oil as a substitute for sunshine.

The majority of poultry buyers are now refusing to buy any poultry that is diseased or which is not in condition to be put in fattening pens.

Much of the recent experimental work shows a benefit in the health of the hens, and especially on the hatchability of the eggs, if the birds have free range all winter.

Crowded houses cause many good birds to become pale faced and later join the cull class.

Pullets should be placed in the laying house when they show signs of being nearly ready to lay. The comb and wattles begin to enlarge and take on a bright red color.

Editorial

LAWS THAT ARE NOT LAWS

The administration of criminal justice in America is a disgrace to civilization. The man who said that is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Hon. William Howard Taft, once president of the United States.

We have too many laws which are not laws. A citizen can hardly go about his daily business without violating some law of which he never heard and which nobody obeys. In Connecticut it is illegal to travel on the road or railroad on Sunday. In New York it is, or was until very recently, illegal to operate a motor-propelled vehicle on a highway unless a man on horseback carrying a red flag or lantern rode a quarter of a mile ahead of it!

Congress and state legislatures try to "make" laws. No law is a good law unless the people whom it affects agree that it is a good law. In the early days of popular law-making people gathered to tell each other what the law was in their districts, the law being rules of conduct agreed upon by common consent.

The idea that a congress or a legislature has a right to impose an unpopular law is a reversion to the old myth of the divine right of kings. Because a law is old is no proof that it is good. Times change but the law lags behind.

Lawyers and judges live in the past. Lawyers dominate our legislative bodies and try to make new laws, intended to fit present conditions, comply with principle and practices long outdated. One result of this is that law and justice often mean two different things. Poor men and honest men hesitate to go to law; they fear legal technicalities which have no relation to justice.

All law ought to be based on common sense and so plain and simple that any man with an average sense of fair play could tell without asking a lawyer whether he was violating the law or not. Then everybody else would know it, and intelligent public opinion alone would keep us all on the right side of the law or punish us promptly if we overstepped the line.

ATTRACTING LOCAL INDUSTRIES

There was once a time when new industries sought the larger cities. Location in large centers was considered essential to industrial success. During the past decade there has been a trend in the opposite direction, many manufacturers moving their plants away from the large centers of population because of the many advantages in the less highly populated communities. This change seems to prove that big business can go where it pleases.

A manufacturer does not move to a new location without first making a very comprehensive survey, and two of the things he considers are—"Does this community offer attractive living conditions for my employees?" and, "Are the citizens loyal to their home industries?"

A diversification of industries is important to a town from the payroll standpoint, just as a diversification of crops is important to the farmer. The failure of one crop from any cause will not break the farmer if he has others to depend on, and if a town is supporting several industries, they will in turn support the town. Diversification stabilizes the earnings of the community.

Towns and cities in every part of the country are striving to attract industry. They have come to the realization of the fact that it is essential to community growth and development. They are "putting their house in order," they are making their communities inviting to industry.

How this can be accomplished, the steps that should be taken, and the advantages to be gained are discussed fully on another page of this issue of the Campbell Press devoted to our community campaign. Campbell is sorely in need of a greater industrial development, and we should bear in mind that even the smallest industry is a valuable asset to a town. Our success in this endeavor depends upon our always making Campbell attractive to industry.

Eastern newspapers have revived the controversy over the shortest poem in the English language. Years ago the New York Sun gave the prize to this one, entitled, "Fleas."

Adam
Had 'em.



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—We don't know what to write in the way of an original greeting to you for Christmas, but we do hope that you have a very merry Christmas and that the spirit of the holiday will follow you into the new year.

IF THE FELLOWS WHO CON- TEND THAT THE WORLD IS FLAT REALLY WANT TO SEE SOMETHING FLAT THEY SHOULD SEE DAD'S POCKET- BOOK AT CHRISTMAS TIME.



Maud Muffins sez, "Don't put off until tomorrow what possibly can be done today. The Christmas gift you had in mind may be sold to someone else tomorrow."

"Do you know why Santa Claus wears red pants with his suit?" asked a Campbell boy of his girl-friend. When the g. f. confessed she didn't know, his reply was that Santa wanted something that would match his cot.

OUR HALL OF FAME

Ralph Hyde is said to be Ralph Hyde, who is said to be the only man in town who has read his insurance policy from beginning to end. Doctors say that he is perfectly normal otherwise.

WE SUPPOSE THAT YOU HAVE ALL HEARD ABOUT THE

BLONDE CLERK AT WOOL- WORTHS WHO THOUGHT BAT- ON ROUGE WAS A COSMETIC.

A young fellow working in a grocery store over at Saratoga who has just joined the Odd Fel- lows, is reported to have refused to sell a man a dozen Mason fruit jars.

We will gladly sell you GOOD- YEAR TIRES anytime. Now is the BEST time, of course. We'll be glad to see you.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
Campbell, California

Counsel—Is it true that there are traces of insanity in your family?

Witness—Very likely. My grand- father, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a lawyer.

New War Secretary



Col. Patrick Jay Hurley of Okla- homa, appointed by President Hoover to succeed the late James G. Wood in the cabinet. Colonel Hurley is the first military man in this post for years.



A SMART MAN DOESN'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE, BUT YOU OFTEN HEAR OF A WIDOWER TAKING A SECOND WIFE.

Cambriap Corners Chat

The Corners has resolved itself into a very busy place of late as W. J. Cal of the Cambrian store and service station sold his stock and lease on property to Paris Henderson and sons of Mayfield. Mr. Henderson and son Jimmie are in charge of the store and Mr. Cal and family have moved to San Francisco. The ranchers are busy pruning and irrigating and some are sawing wood, and all are looking cheerful since the recent damp spell.

Alva Henderson and family of San Luis Obispo were over-Sun- day visitors with the Henderson family at the station.

Miss Velma Edmunds of the Santa Clara hospital, an old-time friend of the Henderson's, and William Henderson and family and Read Beaver and family of Oakland drove down Sunday to assist their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Paris Henderson, to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary and to meet their other relatives whom they had never met before, making the day one long to be remembered by all.

Mrs. Hanger entertained the Ladies Aid of the Campbell M. E. church Thursday and a very en- joyable afternoon was reported.

Rev. and Mrs. Buell of the M. E. church at Campbell were call- ers at the Corners Wednesday. They dropped in at the Hender- son home, as they had known this family while in the San Joa- quin valley.

The Union and Associated Oil companies have had their men out dressing up the gas pumps on the Corners and the finished product presents a very nice ap- pearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury are en- tertaining their daughter this week. She is teaching in an Oak- land school.

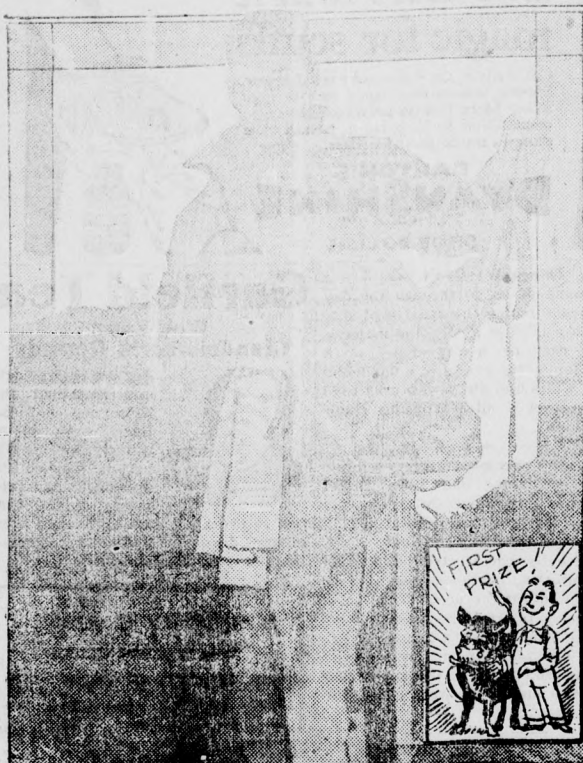
Jimmie Henderson made a trip to Mayfield Monday to bring a trailer load of goods from the home recently vacated by the family.

Two men were talking about horse racing and remarking upon the silly names given to many horses.

"If I kept a racehorse I know what I should call him," said one. "What?" asked the other. "Change of a Dollar." "But that's absurd, isn't it?"

"Is it? Tell me anything that goes more quickly."

Beef That Brought \$8.25 a Pound!



"Lucky Strike," the fat black Aberdeen-Angus calf that young Elliott Brown of Rose Hill, Iowa, raised was well named. At the International Livestock exposition in Chicago he earned \$9,142.50 for the boy. Lucky Strike won the grand champion steer award, two \$500 cash prizes, \$375 in other prizes, and was auctioned off for \$7,837.50 to J. C. Penney. Elliott will pay off the mortgage on his father's farm, send himself through agricultural college and raise more prize cattle.

Mr. Flaphead—Yes, I'm jolly nervous. I don't think I've got the courage to propose to a girl.

Miss Coily—Er—I'm not exactly a girl, you know!

First Business Man—Miss Burke is applying for a position in my office. Did she ever work for you?

Second Business Man—No. "I see. How long was she in your employ?"

Mother—I wonder who it was that never folded his clothes when he went to bed?

Little Lawrence pulled the bed- clothes over his head and an- swered, "Adam!"

Mrs. Gordon (to husband who is listening in on Sunday even- ing's radio program) — Tammas, Tammas, ye mustn't laugh like that on the Sabbath.

Tammas—Laugh, wumman! The minister has just announced a collection and her I am safe at home!

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Ross will be host and hostess to a family reunion tomorrow when the Thaddeus Joy family of Berkeley, Will Ross family of Oakland and the Lionel Worden family of San Jose will assemble for the annual family dinner.

Miss Evelyn Voge, who teaches at Fall River, Shasta county, ar- rived Saturday to spend the holi- days with her mother, Mrs. Lillian Voge.

Wagg—Have any luck hunting lions in Africa?

Tagg—Yes, I didn't meet one. Gentleman on boat—I don't feel at all safe in this leaky old boat.

Boatman—Don't you worry, sir. If anything happens I'll take the blame.



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Holiday
Season

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

to all

RALPH H. HYDE

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

NINTH INSTALMENT

Faunce dived into his cabin; he returned carrying a double-barreled shotgun. And now Lucy noted a bulge in her husband's hip pocket; a delightful anticipatory shudder ran up and down her spine. This promised excitement. Well, she'd always thrived on it.

Over his shoulder, dog-trotting toward the waterway, Stevens called back to his two followers:

"They've probably blocked the roads leading down to the development, and we'd never get through the guard."

"If we sneak up in your row-boat, Fergus, old kid, we'll beat 'em to the punch."

What, thought Lucy, had inspired or caused, or aroused this apparent intimacy between Tim and Fergus? Was it money, the surest bond of all? Did Fergus accept Tim because he hoped to be made wealthy? But that didn't seem like Fergus . . .

Tim ceased rowing. Ahead could be heard the confused murmur of many voices.

"They're on the first bridge," whispered Tim.

"Then we're too late," she groaned.

She heard an inarticulate ejaculation from her husband. Then:

"Thought you wanted to see a fair fight, Lucy. Well, be patient." He leaned toward Faunce, yet in the calm night she heard the words.

"If I can keep one bridge standing, I'm all right," he said. "So we'll throw 'em off the first one. All set? Aw-right!"

He dug his oars into the water, and the skiff shot around a bend; it was beneath a bridge before the men on it realized what was in their midst. Stevens stood up;

tightly," laughed Stevens. "Getting a nice fat bribe, sheriff?"

"By God! don't you hint at me doing anything crooked!" cried the sheriff.

"Was I hinting? Didn't mean to. Let me state it again. I accuse you of being bribed. You're a nasty fat crook, and if you don't take your men to hell off my property I'll kill a few of you. Do you get me?"

The humor had died from his voice; it was menacingly ugly, fraught with deadly intent.

"Look here Stevens. This is Clem Clary speaking." The copper magnate stood upon the bank, close to where the man hurried into the stream had clambered soggily to shore.

"Well, speak," said Stevens.

"The law's with us, Stevens," said Clary. "Better give in or we will rush you."

Stevens' answer was not made in words but in actions. He leaped forward; his big fist thudded on the jaw of one of the men on the bridge. The man went down, rolled over, and fell into the water. The skirmish ended there. The other three fled. Stevens pursued to the end of the bridge.

With Faunce at his elbow, he addressed Clary.

"I'm armed; so is Dr. Faunce. If one man puts his foot on this bridge we'll shoot to kill. Got it?"

"You're under arrest!" bawled the sheriff.

Stevens laughed.

"All right; come take me."

The sheriff moved toward the bridge but stopped ten feet away.

"Go on, Maddox," cried Clary.

"Going to let him bluff you out of it?"

"The only way to find out if

this was no mob that Stevens and Fergus overawed. These were obviously hired bullies, and among them was an officer of the law. Yet as Tim and Fergus advanced upon them the superior numbers, recruited. Even old Clary, who stood ground until the last, suddenly turned and ran. What had promised great excitement, even tragedy, degenerated into farce, into burlesque.

And yet it had not been Tim's fault. The way he had tossed a man into the water, knocked another off the bridge—and Fergus had shown gallantry. These were two magnificent men, no matter what else might be said about one of them. As fighting animals . . .

They returned to the bridge.

"This midnight stuff is my justification," Stevens was saying.

"But when they come back in daylight, with a proper warrant for my arrest, I shan't have the excuse that I didn't believe Maddox was the sheriff. Fergus, we must have an injunction by morning. Now, Judge Leaming is in Palm Beach. He has jurisdiction over this territory. He's at El Verano hotel. Wake him out of bed, get him to issue an injunction against Clary, against the town officials, against everybody, ordering them to restrain from destroying these bridges. We've saved the others you'll notice. They're afraid we mean business and will start shooting. Come back here. Round up a few people to make it look better. They might buck an injunction, you know."

He whistled gustily.

"Slip into the skiff; you'll have to wade or swim for it; see it down there against the bank? Row back to Mango Key, hop in to your car, and make your getaway. Of course they may be laying for you on the way, but show them the old shotgun."

"We'll hope you make it."

"Why couldn't I go, leaving you two to handle them if they decide to try again, if they summon up courage enough," suggested Lucy.

Stevens frowned.

"They wouldn't rush us, but

they might try a surprise—block the way for a car, and when you stopped, jump you. I don't like the idea of my wife in the hands of that gang."

"Mr. Clary wouldn't let them actually harm me," said Lucy. "He is a wicked old devil, but after all, I'm a friend of his wife."

"She's right, Tim," said Fergus. "I ought to stay here with you."

"How in blazes is she going to find her way back to Mango Key?" objected Stevens.

"I can row a boat," said Lucy, "and when I reach the mouth of the creek, I simply turn north, to the left, and when the water way narrows I'm opposite Mango Key. The moon's gone, but the stars give enough light. Of course I can do it, if you'll get the boat for me. I hate to be all muddled."

"She's right, Tim," said Faunce again.

Stevens shrugged, then yielded. He fetched the boat, placing the oars carefully in Lucy's hands, and shoved her off.

"I think I owe you a lot of thanks," he whispered. "You certainly saved my bacon."

"You owe me nothing," she replied. "I owed you whatever I did."

"How do you figure that?" he inquired.

"Because I believed you were engaged in a swindle. It seems that you were not. One should make payment for unjust thoughts. I've tried to pay."

"This time, then, I'm not a thief?" he said.

"This time you're not," she said.

"Much obliged," he said dryly.

His body bent and the skiff went whirling out into the middle of the narrow stream; she bent to the oars.

Judge Leaming descended to the lobby of El Verando and heard Lucy's impassioned statement of the case. The judge, no cracker, but a southern gentleman, smiled sleepily at the pretty girl.

"Any man that's wise enough to pick you for a wife, Mrs. Stevens, is bound to get an even break in anything, because he's no fool. And he'll get a fair break with this court. You go home and get some sleep and I'll attend to the rest of the matter."

She could trust him, and so she went home, wild though she was to return to Seminole creek and learn how Tim—and Fergus; Fergus was an afterthought—were getting on.

(Continued Next Week)

Mrs. J. B. Strong will make or re-make your dresses at her home, 75 Harrison Ave. Phone 71-W. Pd. 12-17

He's Going to Work



John L. Buckmaster, Jr., grandson of the oil magnate, as he returned from a postgraduate year abroad, ready to take a job with the Standard Oil.

HEMSTITCHING
Mrs. R. H. Saylor
62 North Central Ave.
Campbell

She Swings a Sledge



Mrs. Natalie Holt, the woman blacksmith of Georgetown, Mass., has mounted her forge and anvil on a motor truck and goes from farm to farm repairing tools and machinery.



his big hands gripped a bridge timber and he had climbed, like any huge cat, upon the bridge itself. She heard his great booming voice:

"Welcome friends! Didn't expect you or you'd have had a better reception. But, surprised as we are, we'll do the best we can. Do you prefer to be pushed off this bridge or thrown off? We aim to please."

The skiff had drifted under the bridge, and now Faunce was standing up, gripping the timbers above. She would not be left alone; rising, she stepped the length of the boat, and placed her fingers upon the planking of the bridge. She was standing by her husband just as a voice cried:

"Knock him over; he's all alone."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," commented Faunce. His shotgun was slung across one arm.

From the shore of the stream another voice called:

"Three of them, Well, there are 20 of us—"

Tiger-like, her husband moved. There was a stifled cry, a choking protest, something whirled through the air, and a splash from the stream.

"Only 19 now," his gerat voice boomed. "Who's next for the bath?"

There were four men upon the bridge, but as he moved closer, they shrank back.

"Wait a minute," cried a third voice. "I'm the sheriff of this county, and I came here to see that law and order is observed. These people expected trouble and called on me for aid. Those men are all my deputies and I order you to cease resisting their lawful occupation and consider yourself under arrest."

"No one could put it more beau-

a man's bluffing is to call him," said Stevens. "My chips are right in the center of the table. Who

"Resisting arrest, breach of the peace—"

calls?"

Stevens cut short the sheriff's cries.

"I haven't resisted arrest, Maddox. In fact, I've invited you to come over here and arrest me. But you're such a shy little crook—" his voice suddenly broke in rage: "Maddox you're yellow. Your parents ran away from the Confederate army and came down to the Florida swamps and spawned like the vermin they were. You'd lynch a nigger when you're a hundred to one, but one bandit laughs at a thousand like you. You shoot in the back and never face to face. You want to arrest me. Well, here I am."

He paused and turned to Lucy.

"Sorry; promised you a real fight, but it takes two to make one."

"You'll regret this, Stevens," said Clary.

"Not half so much as you're regretting it right now," retorted Stevens. "But you're not going to pull down this bridge tonight, old man. Nor any other night. You may buy a sheriff or a marshal, but a judge is something else again, old top. And say, I'm getting tired of all this. The land you're on is my property."

"I'll go to St. Augustine and see if I can't get a sheriff's commission," advised Clary.

"No? Much obliged for the advice. But when I gamble I bet all I have. Now I'm betting that there isn't a man in your gang that has the real sand of a rat—Fergus, let's clean 'em out. Shoot the first man that hesitates."

Lucy had read of men dominating a mob, frightening them, but

FIELD'S STORE

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 127

SERVICE AND DEPENDABILITY

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

We wish to take this opportunity to thank our good friends, subscribers, and printing patrons for their generous support of the past year, and to wish them a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year . . .

THE CAMPBELL PRESS

LIVE STOCK

OHIO HOG GROWERS
RETAIN OLD SOWS

Other States Use Greater
Proportion of Gilts.

Swine growing practiced in Ohio differs decidedly from that in other states at least in one respect—the keeping of old brood sows from year to year to raise pigs, instead of producing the pigs from gilts which are marketed after they have raised one litter of pigs. Ohio is ninth among the states in the number of hogs on farms on January 1 this year, but near the top of the list when it comes to the number of brood sows kept from year to year. Many of the leading hog states west of Ohio produce the greater number of pigs from gilts. This spring 75 per cent of the litters of Ohio pigs came from sows which previously had produced one or more litters, while in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Kansas, less than 20 per cent were from old sows, and more than 80 per cent from gilts farrowing for the first time. Only Pennsylvania ranked lower than Ohio this spring in the percentage of litters farrowed by gilts.

Ohio's swine growers this year saved an average of 6.7 pigs to each litter. The average for the country as a whole was only 5.7 pigs.

Live Stock Diseases

Cause Tremendous Loss

A timely and very attractive poster has just been gotten out by the Iowa State Veterinary association, in which attention is called to the tremendous annual loss which the live stock industry sustains on account of disease. Among other things the poster suggests eight practical ways in which the farmer can help reduce the losses. These are:

First, select sound, healthy breeding stock; second, keep buildings and premises thoroughly clean and sanitary; third, feed well balanced, wholesome rations; fourth, isolate diseased animals promptly; fifth, use officially approved disinfectants; sixth, dispose of the carcasses promptly by deep burial, burning or rendering; seventh, vaccination against preventable diseases; eighth, consult your local veterinarian promptly.

These suggestions are all very good and there is no doubt that if they were methodically carried out millions of dollars would annually be saved to the live stock industry.

Satisfactory Breeders

Product of Ton Litter

Some feeders are inclined to feel that feeding for ton litters in market production may be all right, but that capacity feeding will not prove satisfactory for the production of breeding stock. The litter is not true of hogs if the growthy, stretchy type are used and the kinds of feed are fed. Type of hog and kinds of feed rather than amounts will determine whether they will develop satisfactory or otherwise. Some of the best breeding hogs ever produced were products of ton litters and practically every purebred swine association in the country is co-operating in the development of plans for special registration for hogs which have made ton litters or very similar records.

Influence on Quality

and Quantity of Wool

Quantity may go hand in hand with quality in wool production. Investigations by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, show that length of staple and weight of clean wool per fleece are associated with superior quality. The inheritance of the sheep, its feed, management and seasonal environment are the most important factors that influence quality and quantity of wool. Successful sheep raisers have found that rigid culling of aged ewes and light producers is a good practice for the immediate improvement of their flocks.

Comfortable House Is

Essential for Swine

It is a time of year when hog houses come into their greatest usefulness. We may differ on the size and style of hog houses but we can be of one opinion on the desirability of eliminating or avoiding slippery floors, floors with large cracks or holes in them, low doors, narrow doors, high door sills, heavy banging doors, poor ventilation, and such like. We can agree that a pig can stand considerable cold weather if it has dry sleeping quarters. Comfortable quarters, therefore, are largely a matter of a tight roof, a well-drained floor, and proper circulation of air-ventilation.

Short Feed Supply

Farmers who must choose between selling young stock or good dairy cows are advised to sell off the former, as producing cows will usually pay better for purchased feed than the young animals. Where animals must be sold on account of lack of feed, it is usually best to dispose of them as early as possible, since in that way more feed is saved for the animals to be retained, while a prompt sale of those that cannot be carried gets them to market in a fresher condition than if they are held.

A Winter Trip

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I wouldn't mind a little trip," said King Snow. "In fact, I need a change. And the earth needs a new blanket. Old Mr. Sun has been melting a great deal away."

Old Mr. Sun grinned. "Well," he said, "I would like to have a holiday, and if you and your friend nearby wish to take a trip I'm sure I could have a rest."

"Your friend would particularly like to have me take a rest. I'm sure of that."

"I like you very much," said King Snow's friend who was Prince Sleet.

"That may be," said old Mr. Sun, "but you wouldn't care to have me for a traveling companion."

"But I am not insulted. I understand. I quite understand."

"That's good of you," said Prince Sleet. "It shows what a nice, sunny disposition you have not to get angry at such things."

"Well," said old King Snow, "now that we are all so friendly and polite, let us talk about our trip."

"Do you want to take any luggage or baggage, or whatever it is that they call bags and trunks and boxes?"

"Ha, ha, ha," said Prince Sleet, "you're a good old companion, for you make things jolly."

"No, I don't want to take any trunks or bags along, for I haven't any other costume."

"And besides, even if I had them, what would be the use?"

"I wouldn't receive any invitations out to dinner, so I would not need special clothes for the evening, and I won't be asked to any dances."

"How about you, old King Snow?"

"Well, I don't need any heat clothes, for all I am ever invited to are coasting parties, and sleighing parties and snowball fights, and at these entertainments no one dresses up," said King Snow.

"So you won't need to be both-ered with things to carry," said Mr. Sun.

"No," said King Snow.

"No," said Prince Sleet, as he gave a cold, cold whistle.



Mr. Sun Grinned.

ered with things to carry," said Mr. Sun.

"No," said King Snow.

"No," said Prince Sleet, as he gave a cold, cold whistle.

Seasonable Foods

By NELLIE MAXWELL

To preserve a friend, three things are necessary: To honor him present, praise him absent and assist him in his necessities.

—Italian Sayings.

THIS is the time of the year when pumpkin pies flourish in the land. Here's one fit for a king: Pumpkin Pie Supreme.—Take two cupfuls of well cooked and browned

"Let's get started soon," said old King Snow.

"Ah, I'll have a fine rest while you fellows are enjoying yourselves," said Mr. Sun.

"We had better ask the King of the Clouds, too, eh?" asked Prince Sleet.

"By all means," said old King Snow.

So Prince Sleet gave his long, cold whistle and then called:

"King of the Clouds, King of the Clouds, come with your Army of Raindrops, and your own most loyal self, come for a trip with old King Snow and Prince Sleet."

Soon along came the King of the Clouds and the Army of Raindrops. "So we're going to have a trip, eh?" asked the King of the Clouds. Prince Sleet and old King Snow nodded.

"And we're going to the earth, eh?" asked the Army of Raindrops. Again Prince Sleet and old King Snow nodded.

"May we come, too?" asked some very cold, chilly voices, and they all saw the Icicle Brothers coming near, along with old Mr. Freezing-is-Fun.

"Indeed you may," said Prince Sleet, "and this will be the right sort of a place with all the right sort of travelers going along."

So they all started, led by Prince Sleet.

They went down to the earth and had a marvelous trip. The earth people said the storm was dreadful but Prince Sleet and the others thought it was splendid.

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LATEST FOR SCHOOL WEAR

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



IN FASHIONLAND

Only the first half of the rule applies that "children should be seen and not heard." Not only are youngsters very much in sight of the creators of styles, but they are also decidedly heard, for these days youngsters have views of their own and are encouraged to express them in regard to "what to wear."

To such an extent is the voice of the school-girl and others of junior age heard, that their requirements, their whims and caprices are catered to, with as much care and enthusiasm on the part of style specialists as is that of their elders.

An adult fashion trend reflected in childhood's realm is that of fabric combinations and color contrasts. An especially pleasing alliance is that of jersey with like-colored satin.

In the practical school dress pictured navy blue serge co-operates with very gay plaid flannel for effect. The manner in which the plaid skirt is attached to a contrasting blouse is characteristic of a styling which is very popular just now. The idea is as effectively carried out with linens and cottons as with worsteds, velvets and silks.

In advance showings such inter-workings are stressed as a blue

heavy linen skirt attached to a white handkerchief linen blouse, a blue sleeveless slipover of the same linen as the skirt completing the three-piece. Such cunning effects are achieved as a green pique frock with bands of orchid, yellow and blue pique at the neckline and wrists with insets of these colors played into the skirt. Brown linen with peach linen makes a charming combination, worked with a blouse top so as to give the effect of a one-piece dress.

To the mother who makes little daughter's dresses, the idea of combining fabrics suggests a program of economy, for bargain counters always offer short-length remnants at trifling cost.

An interesting development in the styling of clothes for the younger generation is the modern use of color. That is the traditional pinks, blues, navies, browns and reds are no longer adhered to, for tones and tints usually associated with adult fashions such as chartreuse green, capucine, and the dahlia shades, also many others, have found their way into the junior mode. The little jacket suit presents an excellent opportunity, in its separate blouse, for color as well as fabric contrast. The satin blouse in eggshell or white is popular.

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FASHION ASKS MUCH OF FURRIERS



FASHION insists that the swan-song of the uniform fur coat is sung.

In the newer models, one realizes to what a high degree of artistry fur craft is being developed. In them, the master touch of the artist furrier is discerned, who not only knows how to handle fur from the workman-ship angle, but who is thoroughly style-conscious down to the slightest detail.

That modern styles extol a new fur craft, is a conviction which the very beautiful baby caracul coat in the picture carries. This exquisitely fashioned model plays up flaring hemlines all the way from capelet to cuffs to skirt. A touch of marten is effectively introduced at the top of the flaring cuffs. The diagonal lap at the front fastening of the coat is an outstanding style detail.

Two leading characteristics of this season's fur coats are fitted lines and novel combinations of pelts. Fine furs such as black on tinted caracul, broadtail, and even those of sheared lamb and muskrat are partial to circular-cut skirts and other intricacies which animate the silhouette. Semi-dyed muskrat styled a la princess and trimmed with lighter furs such as eggshell ermine or fitch, squirrel or caracul present an intriguing theme.

Something new this season is the shoulder-cape collar. Quite distinctive it is in appearance and especially when complemented with a wee muff to match. Not only do these clever fur novelty sets trim cloth coats, but the latest fur combinations trim a coat of one pelt with a cape of another, such as a beige caracul coat with a cape-collar of summer ermine.

Another variation of the fur mode is the bow motif, which ties fur bows here and there on the coat. This decorative trimming appears not only at the neckline and at the wrists, but the latest wrinkle is to fasten the coat with a fur

bow, or with fur tie-strings instead of a loop and button.

Fur luxury also is expressed in the two-piece suit of galyak or broadtail, these types being fabric-like they lend themselves to manipulation and insure wearableness. Interesting versions of the fur suit include such novel ideas as a two-piece of brown galyak, the skirt hemline being scalloped while the jacket is cut on box lines.

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Virtue's Worth

One ought to seek out virtue for its own sake, without being influenced by fear or hope, or by any external influence. Moreover, in that does happiness consist.—Diogenes Laertius (circa 200 A. D.).

"Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers."

Wild Geese Live Long

The biological surveys says that it is no doubt true that the wild geese of China often reach the age of one hundred years. There are definite records of seventy to eighty years in England and America.

Redeemed Brentwood Stables

The Weekly Short Story—By GENEVRA COOK

"READY with your horses for the 2:10 trot!" boomed the voice of Judge Crawford from his flag-draped stand. Bob Brant stood beside Bonny Bell, his heart thumping wildly. He had to make good! Only last night Beverly Stanwood had said to him the words that had brought him here today. "You haven't a racing heart?" Because since he had inherited Brentwood stables from his uncle he hadn't kept them up, had sold one horse after the other until only Bonny Bell was left, she had turned cool to him.

"Entered in the 2:10 trot, purse \$20,000," called the Judge. ("Enough to build up the stables again," thought Bob.) "Race is run in four heats. Air Mail—has the pole. Speed Demon—first place. Son o' Satan—second place. Bonny Bell of Brentwood stables—third place. For a fleeting instant Bob wondered what Beverly had thought when she heard the name.

"Go!"

They were off down the track. Son o' Satan leading. Air Mail holding the pole. Bonny Bell, ears flat against her head, stretched her supple body in a long stream line against the background of low white fence. Bob touched the whip to the shoulders of his mare; she sped forward, straight, slim, swift—halfway round and she had passed Speed Demon, was even with Air Mail. Three-quarters, and she was up to the shoulder of Son o' Satan; up to his neck; even; and, her nose stretched forward.

Dimly Bob was aware of the roaring of the stands, of the voice of Judge Crawford calling: "Results of the 2:10 trot. First heat."

"Bonny Bell, first, with first money."

"Air Mail!"

Then, over the heads of the swarming people around the stables, he saw Beverly. Slender, straight, and smiling, she stood there, her black curls tumbling over the scarf of her leather jacket, her hand raised toward him, waving.

Bob Brant never remembered the interval till he led Bonny Bell, freshly curled and groomed, onto the track for the second heat.

His horse started well. For the first half round she led the field with ease. At the grandstand Son o' Satan, recovering his original speed, climbed up to her shoulder.

Almost neck and neck they went over the line and down the track. Biff Spruggis, driving Son o' Satan, leaned forward and cut with the whip. Son o' Satan sprang at the lash, swerved to cut in on Bob's horse, caught in the wheel—there was a crash—a thud—

Bob Brant opened his eyes dizzily to the mingled scents of hay and ammonia. Tubby, the stable boy, was bending over him, an open bottle in one smudgy hand. Bob groaned and twisted himself up on to his side.

"I guess it's all over boy," he said miserably.

"Come on and see!" urged Tubby. For the first time Bob became aware of confusion and shouting at the track. The clamor swelled as, leaning on Tubby's willing shoulder, he reached the door. And then he saw.

Riding down the track, her scarlet coat and black curls flying behind her, leaning far forward over the dash, her eyes on her horse, came Beverly Stanwood, driving Bonny Bell, last in the field!

"Come on, Bonny Bell," she called. "Come on!"

Nose forward, up to Air Mail.

past the shrieking stands; shouldered to shoulder with Speed Demon, flashing by Judge Crawford; nose to flank with Son o' Satan; holding it, nose to flank.

"Fourth!" yelled Tubby, nearly bursting with excitement. "Son o' Satan got the second, and she got the third!"

Nose to shoulder, and three-quarters of the track gone. Nose and again that slim nose stretching out, a scarlet flash past the Judge's stand, and over the line to win the race!

There must have been shouting and throwing of hats in the air, prize money and a leading of Bonny Bell past cheering stands; but of the rest of this day, Bob Brant could remember only one thing.

He could remember that he and Beverly stood at sunset out past the redeemed Brentwood stables, where the hill rises to meet the sky, their shoulders resting together on the shoulder of Bonny Bell. And just as the sun dropped low over the western horizon, Beverly came into his outstretched arms and lifted her face to his.

"I was wrong about what I said before, Bob," she whispered, and her voice was tremulous. "You have a racing heart!"

"Oh, Beverly! I do have a racing heart," he answered her whisper. "Put your hand on it, dear, and feel how it's racing—for you!"

(Copyright)

Mature Lawyers Favored

A Boston lawyer writes to the Transcript that no man ought to practice law until he was forty. We have heard of lawyers who waited that long before they had practice.—Janesville Daily Gazette.

SUCH IS LIFE—The Wretch!



By Charles Sughrue



“UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE—”

“Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands—”

And not so many years ago, the “Village Smithy” stood as the chief, and almost sole, local industry. The activities of this romantic figure have been expanded, until today we have a complex, many-sided industrial world—specialized and diversified; offering greater employment, housed in modern quarters and operating modern machinery.

But the picture of the “Village Smithy” still remains the symbol of local industry.

Industry is essential to our community growth and development. It furnishes employment, it brings additional money, it adds greatly to taxable property, it attracts additional attention to us as a community. Industry is a powerful, constructive influence.

Our town needs the right kind of Industry and Industry needs us as the right kind of town.

It should be the desire of everyone to promote the growth of industry in this community. Not only should we strive to secure both large and small industries for our town, but we should make our present industries feel we welcome them. The smallest industry is of importance for, like the larger industrial unit, it too, employs labor, diversifies our industrial activity and possesses the possibility of growth.

But to attract and hold industry we must be deserving!

Sixty per cent of all industry can go where it pleases! It selects

the community in which it desires to locate. The present era is showing a great migration of industry, with the trend toward the smaller industrial centers.

What, then, should we do to attract and hold more industries?

To attract industry we must possess its fundamental requirements. First, as a community, we must prove attractive to Industry by being a good place in which to live—by improving our rating as to general living conditions.

Industry seeks the towns where present living conditions result in better production. The possibility of home ownership is important because it makes for permanent employees. Modern school facilities for the children and wholesome recreation and amusement, largely publicly provided, are attractive to industry. And also of utmost importance is the care exercised in Public Health—a guarantee of health to all right-living employees.

Improved transportation and wide-spread electric power have fitted many places for industrial growth. Fortunate is the town that can offer industry lower production costs, improved shipping facilities, nearness to markets and raw materials, low land costs and reduced taxes.

This Community must share in the industrial expansion. Let us “put our house in order” so that we may create a greater industrial development. Let us strive to enjoy the fruits of increased employment, increased population and increased prosperity.

Commercial organizations alone should not be asked to do all of the work of attracting industry to our city. Each person should do his share to make our town attractive to industry—should broadcast the many points of advantage of

CAMPBELL

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